Admire not at this vncouſtom'd courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inueſted King,
Your fealtie ſworne as Liegemen to our ſtate:
Once ſince that time ambitious weedes haue ſprung
To ſtaine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made ſunne-ſhine chaſe the ſtorme.
After the which, to try your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helpes for to inueſt vs
Into the right that enuy ſought to wracke.
Once was I not depoſde, your former choyce;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded King?
Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Infers aſſured witneſſe of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aske me and vſe me, trie me and finde me yours.

Eſſex. A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your Highneſſe bids vs aske:
Pleaſe it you grant, you make your promiſe good,
With leſſer loſſe then one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

Iohn, My word is paſt, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

Eſſex. We craue my Lord to pleaſe the commons with
The libertie of Lady *Conſtance* ſonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your Highneſſe right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Dimiſſe him thence, your Highneſſe needes not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pembrooke

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your go
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.

Ioh. Your words haue ſearcht the center of my
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Diſmiſſe your counſell, ſway my ſtate,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your conſents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extaſie is this?
Why caſts thou vp thy eyes to heauen ſo?

There fiue Moones appeare.

Baſt. See, ſee my Lord, ſtrange apparitions,
Glancing mine eye to ſee the Diadem
Plac'd by the Biſhops on your Highneſſe head,
From forth a gloomy cloud, which curtaine-like
Diſplaid it ſelfe, I ſuddenly eſpied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you ſee them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plac'd
Ganthey appeare, holding the courſe you ſee.

Ioh. What might portend theſe apparitions,
Vnuſuall ſignes, forerunners of euent,
Preſagers of ſtrange terrors to the world:
Belieue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.
Philip, thou toldſt me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to deſcant of this ſhow.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the ſinfull earth
When with prodigious vnaccuſtom'd ſignes
They ſpot their ſuperficies with ſuch wonder.

Eſſex, Before the ruines of Ieruſalem,
Such meteors were the Enſignes of his wrath,
That haſt'ned to deſtroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Baſtard with the Prophet.

Ioh. Is this the man?
Baſt. It is my Lord.
Iohn. Prophet of Pomfret, for ſo I heare thou art,